

## A Vision of Unity.

'Twas midnight. I stood on the shore of a mighty rushing stream. And looked across its broad expanse and saw a strong man lean With hand extended toward me in humble supplication. While in his dark eyes beamed the light of adoration. In my woman's heart arose a feeling sad and tender. A wish to span the rolling stream and some assistance render. Him who stood in silence there, The image of a dark despair. With floating hair, in robe so white, I stood on the glittering sand. My face uplifted to the starry vault, while across the stream I stretched my hand. To him, so sad, with pallid brow, gazing pleadingly—yet like a dream, So strangely still in moonlight, there his form was bent far o'er the stream. A moment thus we stood apart on sands where moonbeams quiver With hands outstretched in mute despair across the wild rough river. Hoping, trusting, through all our fear, That God would save and bring us near.

I looked again. 'Twas a pebbled brook o'er which our hands clasped tight. We looked into each other's hearts, as the day dawned fair and bright. We stood together beside the brook with loving hearts so tender. Then he, to me, in accents low said, "May I to you assistance render, As down the stream of life we glide, and keep your love so pure and sweet, From frowning ill and worldly strife, always in sweet commune to meet? A precious treasure—Oh! love divine! All through this life, will thou be mine?"

ELLA PITTMAN MOSELEY, Stephensport, Ky., Dec. 25, 1893.

No other sarsaparilla has equaled Hood's in the relief it gives in severest cases of dyspepsia, sick headache, biliousness, etc.

## 'Round and About.

PARTIAL TEACHERS.—I love to talk to school teachers. Having been a teacher for nearly half my life, I feel a brotherly sympathy for them in all their trials and tribulation.

In conversation with a prominent teacher of the county a few days ago I saw fit to remark that I always loved my pupils, one and all, alike and never entertained any partial feeling toward any of them. Thinking that I had made a grand display of my educated feelings of moral justice, I was surprised to see incredulous smiles rippling over the face of my companion. My words had fallen like a wet blanket and complete silence echoed backward and forward for several minutes. Finally my friend said:

"If you will pardon me, I will remark that when a teacher says that he entertains the same loving feeling for all his pupils—good, bad and indifferent—he is either deceiving himself or he is trying to impose upon a credulous public. It is contrary to human nature that the coarse, rough, mean, disobedient, idle, impudent and saucy child can be loved as well by its teacher as the one that is gentle, loving, kind, industrious and obedient. There is a certain respect due the teacher from the pupil and when this is not shown, all the love in the heart of the teacher for that child is killed. The good and prudent school teacher shows no partiality, though he doesn't feel that way."

Another vibration of silence. After I had taken a panoramic view, with my mind's eye, of my past history I meekly acknowledged that I had pre-empted a pupil or two, and the conversation was then changed.

'Twas too bad.—On the day after the Masonic banquet and ball, two young men of the town were discussing that great social event.

One of them is not so very young, either. He is just bordering on to bachelorhood and is an enthusiastic Mason. The other is just out of his teens.

They were discussing the array of feminine beauty that was at the banquet, when the enthusiastic Masonic bachelor asked the youth what he thought of it. "Oh! it was grand, charming, enchanting, but I think the ladies all had too much clothes on them," was the reply. The e. m. b. did not reply immediately, but gazed at the youth with frowning disapproval of what he had said. Finally he snapped out, "It's too bad about you," and whirling on his heel he walked off with an offended air.

The e. m. b. is a little hard of hearing and he had understood the youth to say that the ladies all had too much clothes on them.

HE DIDN'T KNOW IT.—A lady caller at the residence of Mr. W. G. Stuart, a couple of days ago, asked that gentleman if Santa Claus give him any thing.

"Now, The old scallawag passed by without even noticing me," was the reply.

"Why, Mr. Smart, he left you a nice present, but you have never noticed it yet—Walter saw it as soon as he came home," chimed in Mrs. Smart.

Mr. Smart immediately began a search and at last he discovered a handsome, new cushion in his easy chair.

Now, as Bill is always complaining of being afflicted as is a locomotive, his friends are at a loss to account for his having sat in that chair for a whole week without knowing that it had a cushion in it, and they wonder why it is that he did not make the discovery the very first time he sat down on it.

CLEVER MAN.—Mr. Galen T. Barbee, of this city, is a gentleman clever in the strictest literal meaning of the word, "clever."

Besides being accommodating, he can do anything that anybody else can. His handy intellect and handy hands are very, very handy indeed. He can paint, hang paper, farm, blacksmith, carpenter, tinker, teach school, cook, clerk, sell goods and to cap it all, he can cut his own hair in such an artistic manner that there is not a tonsorial artist in Cloverport can beat it.

He performs this difficult feat with a pair of paper bang—"s shears, by the aid of two mirrors—one in front and one at his back.

SWEET MUSIC.—"Music hath charms to soothe the savage,"—beast; that's why they put a brass band around a dog's neck—see?

But there are no savages or beasts either being soothed in Cloverport just now. It is seldom that a note is ever heard, and when it is, it is being made by some isolated miserably wretch who owns a cracked horn and has a spite at his neighbor.

A bevy of young ladies were talking to some friends on the corner of Wall and Elm streets, a few evenings ago, when one of them remarked:

"How different it is now compared with a year ago. At that time one could stand on this spot and listen to the enchanting strains of two cornet bands and a splendid orchestra, all playing at once."

"Ah," another belle exclaimed with a sigh, "when Ralph Nutting left the musical spirit of the town went with him. I have hardly even touched the keys of my piano since the day of his departure."

I overheard the remark and made a rush for the telegraph office and wired Ralph to come immediately. The young lady's life will probably be saved if she can hold out a few hours longer.

During the past half-century—since the discovery of Ayer's Sarsaparilla—the average limit of human life in civilized countries, has been considerably lengthened. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is everywhere considered the blood-purifier, the Superior Medicine.

Paragraphs Stolen and Twisted to Suit Our Own Purposes.

A boy who can master a woodpile and bridle his tongue, is made of the right kind of stuff.

We'll never go back on widows and old maids, they both pay their subscriptions promptly.

Henry Head is a stylish young widower. He is not keen to marry, but if he could find a woman, say about the age of 35 or 40, who could darn socks and cook a good square meal every day and Sunday too, he wouldn't be more than 15 minutes proposing.

The Wilson tariff bill is all right says Col. Cayce. The only trouble I see with it is, it don't run on schedule time.

A good politician makes a mighty poor friend.

The right kind of a man never becomes left.

The late mosquito has turned his bill over to the collector.

Orvil Skillman's gas bills are made out once a month without a meter.

Barney Bobler is somewhat of an evangelist himself. He proposes to repair souls and make them good as new for half price.

There are no foot ball kickers in this town, but the hard times kickers are numerous.

Bob Mattingly's latest—"Say, got some news for you."

What is it, Bob?

"Two weddings in town to-day."

Who?

"Two people in town by that name."

## It Cures

Park's Cough Syrup cures Colds, Coughs, Croup and Whooping Cough. The standard home remedy in thousands of families for all lung diseases. A. R. Fisher, druggist.

## The Globe—Democrat Free.

Any reader of this paper can get The St. Louis Globe—Democrat free. Read the offer, on another page, and take advantage of it at once. The Weekly Globe—Democrat is now issued in Semi-weekly sections, eight pages each Tuesday and Friday, sixteen pages every week, making it practically a Semi-Weekly paper yet the price remains only one dollar a year. In politics, it is strictly Republican, but it gives all the news, and is absolutely indispensable to the farmer, merchant, or professional man who has not the time to read a large daily paper, and yet desires to keep promptly thoroughly posted. Sample Copies will be sent free on application to Globe Printing Co., St. Louis, Mo.

## A New Peach.

Mr. D. L. Talbot, of Elizabethtown, Ky. has originated a late October peach that is pronounced by experienced horticulturists to be the finest late peach on earth. It is a beautiful cling seedling, fine size and color and a most delicious eating peach. Mr. Talbot has a small number of trees now ready for setting, which he has reduced in price from one dollar to fifty cents each and is ready to fill orders at once.

## New Year Greeting.

A happy New Year to the editor and his co-workers.

May his labyrinth be filled with the very best of God's gifts; may he be blessed with good health, and may this be one of the most prosperous years for the News and the people whom it interests and entertains.

E. J. B., So Note It Be.

## SIROCCO.

Miss Augusta Harrison, of Hopkinsville, is spending Christmas with Mrs. Fannie Board.

Our old friend Wathen Miller, who has been teaching school at and near Columbia, Ky., for nearly two years, is home for the X-mas holidays.

Mr. Frank Wiles, Mr. Elma Bruner and sister, Miss Lenora, and brother Mr. —, was up from Hancock county to the Bruner—Neafus wedding.

Married, on last Sabbath evening (the 24th inst.) at the home of the bride, Mr. Ed Humphrey to Miss Stella Young, daughter of Mr. Allen Young. Rev. Argabright performing the marriage ceremony.

Swan Abell and his better-half have moved to his uncle Sam Abell's, where his services are much needed. His uncle having lost an arm, is incapacitated to meet the demands in the busy walks of life.

I am creditably informed that Clint Thompson, Paynesville, will be on the track when the next race for magistrate starts up in the Haynesville and Cedar Branch district. We bespeak for Clint a good showing as he served us once, be it said to his credit, in the capacity for which he is now aspiring.

Will Edmunds is canvassing in the interest of Albertson—Hobbs Nursery, Bridgeport, Marion county, Ind. He has chosen Meade, Hardin and Breckenridge counties for his field of labor. Will is a good industrious young man and we hope he will be successful in his new enterprise, but he is so good looking we fear that the girls will feed him so much taffy he will make slow progress in tugging his avocation.

Henry Shacklett, who is studying medicine in Louisville, came home on Saturday before X-mas and returned to his studies the 26th. He brought home a photograph, an interior view of the dissecting room. A picked, slimy corpse lies on the dissecting table, Henry's class, himself one of the most prominent in view, is in the act of literally carving it to pieces. A broad grin is depicted on Henry's face while some of the young soldiers look like they were about to "heave up Jonah."

Old Uncle Turner Davis, of Paynesville "got on a high horse" a few days since and said he was "going home to glory." He didn't get but a short distance on the road, however, 'til his horse becoming unruly threw him. He was shortly afterwards seen by some of the citizens of his native town, down on all fours inspecting the road, seemingly with a view to finding the "strait and narrow way." About this time a "wild cat" was heard to set up a blood curdling squall in close proximity. Uncle Turner thinking that the Prince of darkness had made his appearance on the field of action, cried out: "Farewell vain world." When last seen he was hitting the road like a demon with the salvation army after him.

Robert Glasgow, who has recently returned from Montana, where he has been engaged in the Missionary service for sometime, has been in our midst. He reports a difficult field, but "white for the harvest" as it is the hot-bed of the grossest sins that corrupt the morals of humanity. In his own words: "The Heathendom of America." Owing to the great stringency in money matters the Mission fund has been reduced by many of the churches, and good men have been forced to evacuate the field for want of a mere subsistence, and those that remain reduced to the most straitened circumstances. He anticipates a journey with Rev. Cockrell, also a former Montanan, who is traveling through Eastern Kentucky, Tennessee and Virginia in the Evangelical work.

'Twas an occasion long to be remembered at the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. Polk Wiles, the evening of the 23rd inst., when their doors were thrown open to admit the many guests that seemed to have come from all parts of the earth. Our worthy friends, Jim, George and Joe Wiles vied with each other in their courteous display of gallantry toward the fairer sex, in the capacity of ushers. Sweet strains from violin and piano mingled with the "dainty lays and dulcet melody" of the human voice, floated on the summerlike atmosphere, while the bonny moonbeams mystic light lended enchantment to the surrounding couples.



Contentment and happiness are only possible with perfect health. The rapid advancement in medical science now permits the preparation of medical compounds whose use is a guarantee to success. One of the best known and most popular at the present day is Dr. Fehner's Kidney and Backache Cure. So certain is it to bring prompt and permanent relief in all kidney and bladder complaints, female weaknesses, gravel, lame, sore or aching back, as well as in all blood diseases, skin eruptions, scrofula, swellings, dyspepsia, dropsy, headaches, sense of weariness or drowsiness, etc., that it has long been sold unobscured and unfaded if satisfaction not given. Could anything be fairer? Costs nothing to try it. Take a bottle home to-day.

Idle-atte groups here and there; one mighty throng mingling in one conglomerate mass, as it were, in the round-about fashion of the plays that were kept up 'till the old clock on the mantel sounded the midnight hour, when all betook themselves to their several homes to dream of the past, the present and what the future had in store for them. And at Mr. Dick Shacklett's Christmas night the elite "roamed bright lighted halls" and the parlor was brilliantly lighted with "rare jewels of great price." One would judge from surroundings that Cupid was getting in his work "Silvery bows" of recent wedlock were to be seen on all sides.

Mr. Leander Bruner, of Hancock county, and Miss Gertie Neafus of this vicinity were united in matrimony on the evening of the 21st inst., Rev. Y. J. Cherry officiating. Attendees: Mr. Lee Neafus and Miss Etta Dugan, Mr. George Wiles and Miss Polle Dugan. Just a few more such capers and this old mother neighborhood will be rid of all her marriageable daughters. Girls are now almost as scarce as daisies on a black hill-side after the mercury in the thermometer has been in winter quarters a fortnight. The few that are left keep themselves hid in a nest of the time in order to be admired the more when the sunshine of their fairy-like faces sheds a transient ray of light on the beholder—alas, to vanish like a pleasant evanescent dream that leaves one engulged in clouds of despair, while bachelors go in squads, reminding one of the little cat fishes in a neighboring pond where if a fellow sticks his toes in the edge of the water he will see them coming in schools from every direction. The only difference is, the bachelors are hankering after love while the fishes are after something that will keep soul and body together.

When a fellow reaches the mile stone along the road of life which informs him that thirty years have been marked to his credit, like the mountaineer, he needs to pause in his ascent, not only to rest, but to look backward upon the expanded views that his past efforts have opened up to him, and forward with fresh hope to the regions beyond which await his approach. But when he reaches thirty he seems to be pretty close to the summit of manhood, and in his retrospective view he sees where he has made many mistakes. His pause, however, is of short duration, something seems to urge him onward. He reaches the summit at thirty-five and starts on the down grade. The mile posts fly past him, or he flies past them rather, with such rapidity he scarcely reaches one before he's in sight of another. He begins to realize that he has reached "Bachelordom," and is going a "lightning express" gait for "Bachelor's Rest," a very much detested place, in his imagination. He vows he will "jump the train" at the risk of "braking his neck" before reaching the portals of the latter named place. Visions of ecstatic raptures still visit him in his slumbers, however, and although he wakes to find them but a dream, they seem to impart to him new hopes, new aspirations. He pulls the bell-rope for down brakes and tries to slide track, but the late seems to have sealed his doom. Realizing his situation he cries out:

"Backward turn backward, Oh time in your flight, Make me a child again, Just for to-night."

But time is no respecter of bachelors. In his excitement he flounders against a chair and turns it over, when with tears streaming down his wrinkling cheeks, he sets the old fortune-teller upon his pegs and sits down on him mournfully, exclaiming:

"How long O Lord, how long."

It is too plain to need a demonstration by chart or diagram that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is what the people need everywhere, for cure of bronchial and pectoral troubles. It is a sure cure.

## LODIBURG.

A. M. Hardin has moved into his new dwelling at this place.

Miss Ada Hanks, Stephensport, was visiting Miss Bobbie Hardin, last Sunday.

Mr. Will Jolly, Sample, was visiting friends and relatives in the Valley last week.

Mr. Jess Cashman, of Raymond, was the guest of Miss Bobbie Hardin last Sunday.

W. H. Hardin, of Owensboro, was visiting his mother, Mrs. Mary J. Hardin, last week.

B. F. Hardin and family were visiting G. W. Basham on Sinking creek two or three days last week.

Mr. Blake Head came up on the train last Sunday. He had been visiting relatives at Holt last week.

Mr. John Brown, of Ekron, was visiting his mother-in-law, Mrs. Mary J. Hardin, of this place, last week.

Messrs. Lige and Larken Gibson, of Cloverport, were visiting friends and relatives in this neighborhood last week.

We understand that the big P. M. of Clifton Mills, "Joe Mulhatten, Jr." is a candidate for "Coroner" subj ct to the action of the party known as the Calico-thunkians.

Christmas has passed and Old Santa did not make himself visible, his foot prints were not perceivable at this place. He passed "Lodi" as though it was not in existence.

W. H. Gibson has bought the undivided share of M. W. Hardin in the homestead, and he, Gibson, has moved

into the house with his mother-in-law, Mrs. Nancy B. Hardin.

As the regular correspondent of this place "journalistically speaking" has become mystified, evaporated and passed away, I will try to fill his place by sending in a few items from time to time.

Mr. Owen Keys and Miss Adah Payne were married at the bride's father's, J. A. Payne, on Christmas day, Rev. Wash St. Clair officiating. May their days be ever happy, their pathway strewn with flowers, may the Angel of Peace guide and protect them through life, is the wish of their friend.

The social at M. W. Hardin's on the night of the 30th, was quite a success. Those from a distance were: Messrs. Lige and Larken Gibson, Cloverport, Will Arnold, Andyville; Herbert Haddock and Ernest Beauchamp, Clifton Mills; Messrs. Janie and Cora Hendry and Messrs. Henry Cashman and Otis Stiff, Raymond; Miss Annie Jordan, Webster; Will Jolly, Sample; Tater Digger, Owensboro; and Edgar Wheeler, of Louisville. The large crowd of young people with the entertaining host and hostess made the occasion quite an enjoyable affair.

From another correspondent

"Hurrah! for Garner and the rest of the democrats."

We heartily agree with Mr. Garner in the selection of his deputy candidates.

Mr. J. H. Avitt will make a trip to Louisville this week with some stock.

M. E. Avitt, who has been teaching school near Mattingly for some time, spent last week with his father and sister.

The young people of this section have spent most every night for the past week at a party.

Miss Maud Peters, of Concordia, Ky., spent last week with her cousin, Miss Lillie Avitt.

Lost—A gold pin made of a gold dollar. The finder will please notify little Walker West, of this place.

Mack Avitt seems to be pleased with school teaching and he is especially pleased with the hospitality of the people in district No. 12.

May success and prosperity crown every effort of the News and its readers and may all enjoy a happy New Year is the desire of your humble correspondent.

Colds, coughs, bronchitis and all throat and lung diseases are effectively treated with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. To neglect the use of proper remedies for these ailments, is to induce consumption, which is said to cause one-sixth of the mortality in all civilized countries.

## On the Country Road.

Take good care of your harness. An occasional cleaning and oiling will stop one leak on the farm.

See to it that the meritorious pallets have all the food required to make golden return in eggs.

Remember that paint and oil are excellent preservatives of timber and metal, which means look after the farm implements.

A few poultry keepers have succeeded for a short time with promiscuous flocks of two or three hundred adult birds, but as a rule the plan does not work well.

## CHOLERA!

## FRESH OUTBREAK IN BERLIN.

## Alarm for Its Invasion of America Well Founded.

The telegraphic dispatches of January 21st report the outbreak of cholera anew, in Berlin, 63 cases and 19 deaths being reported.

Just now, when an epidemic of Asiatic cholera is among the alarming possibilities, all stomach and bowel troubles assume an importance beyond the ordinary, and should meet with prompt treatment. Cholera morbus, cholera infantum, diarrhoea, dysentery, flux, colic and cramps, wind on the stomach, flatulency, distress after eating, etc., all point conclusively to a bad condition of the stomach and bowels, and all such disorders should be corrected at once.

Mr. H. L. Wilson, Stumptown, W. Va., says: "Lightning Hot Drops is the best medicine I ever used for pains; for cramps and colic in children, it can't be beat. For flux, it is the king."

Mr. R. L. Blenkinship, of Tooley, W. Va., has this to say: "Last April I had an extremely severe attack of diarrhoea; had twenty-one actions of my bowels in less than two hours. I took three doses of Lightning Hot Drops and it relieved me instantly."

Lightning Hot Drops is the safest, surest, quickest-remedy ever compounded for each and all of the above complaints. Moreover, it cures all pains, external and internal, and is the best safeguard known to destroy the evil effects of a change of water or diet. Pleasant to take. Sweetened, children like it. Lightning Hot Drops is sold by all dealers in medicine, at 25c and 50c a bottle, on the guarantee: No relief, no pay. Try it once. Be not deceived. Look for Trade-Mark of natives gathering herbs. Made only by Herb Medicine Co., Springfield, Ohio.

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Ladies' and Misses' Muffs, Facinators, Table Linen, Napkins, Chenille Covers. What can you buy nicer for your wife or daughter than a nice

## CLOAK.

May everyone have a MERRY X-MAS is the wish from the Great Bargain Store.

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Most everybody has it. We have an infallible remedy in our warm-comfortable Clothing, and so cheap. Our Shoes possess comfort, genteel appearance and durability. We'll save you doctor's bills and make you comfortable and happy if you make your winter purchases of

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from us. Money is what we want and we'll save you about 25 cents on every dollar you have to spend if you come to us right now. No man or woman who ever compared our goods and prices with those of others, has ever yet failed to buy of us. We know what we are talking about and so will you, if you will only take the time to call and investigate for yourself.

## A Happy New Year!

**KAYE & HOBEN,**  
HARDINSBURG, KY.

## A Happy New Year!

Not only a happy one but a prosperous one is our wish to all our customers and friends. We start off with the year, determined as in the past, to make it more interesting to our customers, to give them bigger and better bargains than ever before.

Don't wait for us to give you figures, come to the store expecting the biggest bargains you ever got, and we'll not disappoint you.

**JACOB & MEYER,**  
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